

# The Crittenden Press

Volume 44

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Feb. 3, 1922

Number 29

## City Court News

Noble Hill was arrested Sunday night by acting City Marshall T. J. Wring on a warrant charging him with grand larceny by stealing a pistol from a drawer in the grocery store of R. M. Willborn on Depot Street. He was placed under a \$200 bond and sent to jail to await examining trial.

Tuesday morning Hill was brought before City Judge A. M. Gilbert and waived an examining trial. The court reduced the charge from grand to petty larceny and reduced his bond to \$100 and sent back to jail to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of Circuit Court.

For several years Noble Hill was carrier on Rural Route 1, being the first rural route carrier in this county.

Denver Travis was arrested Sunday night on a charge of drunkenness and placed in jail. Monday morning he was tried before City Judge A. M. Gilbert and given a fine of \$5.00.

## Court House News

County Judge E. Jeffrey Travis reports that Saturday was a very busy day in his court. Thirty-seven warrants for arrest were issued, besides eight executions on replevin bonds.

L. V. Dempsey has been appointed Oil Inspector to take the place of C. R. Duval, whose term of office expired January 2.

Charles LaRue has been recommended to Governor Morrow for appointment to fill the vacancy made in the office of Justice of the Peace in the Union Magisterial District by the resignation of L. V. Howard, who was elected to the office at the regular November election.

Will Burke was placed under a \$300 bond charged with transporting intoxicating liquor.

Will Gibbs, A. J. Tignor, J. M. Meeks, L. W. Kirk and Herbert Travis were placed under a \$100 bond each to answer the charge of trespassing.

## REVIVAL MEETING CLOSED

The series of revival meetings at the Main Street Presbyterian church closed Tuesday evening. Rev. E. N. Hart, pastor of the church, and who did all the preaching, endeavored himself to the members of his church and the people generally by his fine sermons and genial personality.

The congregations throughout were good and much interest was shown in the services.

## MONUMENT ERECTED

A splendid monument has just been erected on the lot of J. F. Loyd in the New Cemetery. It is a double monument for both Mr. Loyd and his wife. This is one of the large monuments in this cemetery and is a beautiful one. It was made from the rough stone at the works of Henry and Henry.

Mr. Forest Harris was a business visitor at Morganfield Monday.

## Increased Enrollment In Marion Schools

Since the beginning of 1922 the names of many new students have been enrolled in both Marion High and Marion Graded School. Crayne and Mexico lead in the number enrolled in both schools. All the graduates of a number of districts have enrolled in Marion High School.

### New enrollment in Graded School:

Lucile Travis  
Austin Brashier  
Lady Roe Hughes  
Bernie Tabor  
Orvil Tabor  
Imogene Beard  
Ruby McMaster  
Gustave Brasher  
Felma Champion  
J. T. Cochran  
J. P. Rankin  
Juana Mae Hill  
Ruby Whitt  
Imogene Stephenson  
Annabelle Hunter  
Kevill Clement  
Luther McUen

### New enrollment in High School

Estelle Bigham  
Reba Ford  
Doyle Ford  
Gladys Sullinger  
Carolyn Allen  
Virginia Terry  
Melville Weldon  
Mildred Haynes  
Clevie Little  
Ruby Granstaffe  
Marion Smart  
Inez Barger  
Jewel McCune  
Oscar Wicker  
Vaughn Tabor  
Lottie Winstead

## MEMBERSHIP GROWING

The membership in the Ellis B. Ordway Post No. 111, American Legion is growing and the Post hopes to have at least one half of the ex-service men of Crittenden county as members of this Post by the middle of summer. If you are an ex-service man and eligible for membership get in touch with some one of the Legionnaires or be present at their regular meeting on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. A warm welcome awaits you.

## WILL MOVE TO DENVER

From the Grand Junction Sentinel we learn that Mr. R. H. Walker, an attorney of that city and a former Marion boy, will shortly leave his home city of Grand Junction, Colorado and move to Denver.

Mr. Walker has for ten years been recognized as one of the leading attorneys in that part of his state and his many friends here wish him an abundance of success in his new home.

Mr. Walker will be remembered by our citizens as "Hick," one of the younger sons of Mr. R. C. Walker, who removed from here to Grand Junction several years ago.

## DISSOLUTION NOTICE

The Marion Fluorspar & Lead Co. has filed notice of dissolution with the Secretary of State.

C. W. HAYNES, President

## Marion Graded School Is Thankful

The advantages of a separate building for the graded school are many, because the High School and the grades have entirely different interests and ambitions. I can remember when we were in the second and third grades we used to be exasperated because we had to sit for half an hour in Chapel and listen to the principal talk to the High School. We didn't think it fair for the teacher to say we couldn't wiggle or move our feet when to us the talk seemed as dry as the Sahara desert. It was doubtless a fine talk, but we were not interested in football and other things that go to make up the life of the High School. Of course there were times when the talk was addressed to us and I do not doubt but that the older ones were bored terribly.

And then, when Marion School began to grow, and so many boys and girls began to come in from the country for the upper grades and for the High School, we began to be crowded in our rooms and in the auditorium. This was really a good sign for it showed that the people of Crittenden county were waking up to the necessity of education as they never had before. It had its drawbacks however for we had to be packed in our rooms like sardines in a can. Of course, it was harder to keep good discipline in our crowded condition than it would be if we had plenty of room for we just couldn't keep from talking when someone was so close to talk to. And of course we could not study when there was confusion.

Aside from our schoolroom difficulties the play ground too was inadequate for so many. For when you think of putting five hundred and forty people in our small playground you can imagine that there was no room to spare.

Another demonstration of the awakening school spirit was the assistance the School Improvement Club gave us. They repainted the seventh grade room and remodeled the smoky-looking auditorium changing it from a dreary looking place to one of the most beautiful school auditoriums in the state, beside many other helpful improvements.

Then came the eventful day when the voters were to decide whether they would have both the grades and High equipped to do their best or whether they would leave us to struggle along as best we could without aid from them. Our years of waiting were at an end, for they rallied gloriously to our aid.

Now we can have two play-rooms, which will make it much more pleasant. We can have the entire use of the basket ball court so that we can be better players when we reach High School and perhaps some time Marion will be proud of its winning team for the grades have some very promising players.

We realize that Marion is expecting some good work from us in response to the kindness they have shown us and we are trying not to disappoint them.

The other day Mr. Jaggars came over to our building and told us that he appreciated the improvement we had made in our order. He also told us that the High School was running us a race, that they too are trying to prove themselves worthy of the kindness the citizens of Marion have shown us in providing a separate building for the High School.

We shall take for our motto the verse by Ernest Neal Lyon:

Attempt the highest! Nobler far,  
To stumble gazing at a star  
Than by a glow-worm lantern led,  
To follow on another's tread.

DOROTHY HAYNES,  
Eighth Grade Student

## STRAYED

One black cow, 2 years old, white face, white mark under neck, Weight 500 pounds, taken up Jan. 2, 1922. Owner can have same by paying for advertising and feed.

J. B. STEPHENSON  
FREDONIA, KY. RT. 2

## REGISTERED STOCK FOR SALE

I am offering a lot of Duroc-Jersey boars of all ages. Fifty head of bred sows and gilts, also three roan short-horn bulls, call or write,

CHAS. WILSON, Jr., Fredonia, Ky.  
W. M. Hurley, of Sheridan was in town Saturday.

## Farm Bureau News

At the annual meeting of the Farm Bureau recently held at the school building a program for the ensuing year was adopted. The most important lines of work in the county that need improving were listed and the work of the Farm Bureau and the County Agent will be directed largely along these lines.

### The program follows:

The improvement of dairying thru: better sires, milk records, balanced feeding, tuberculin testing.

The enrollment of 150 junior Agricultural Club members.

The improvement of poultry thru: pure bred stock, proper care, feeding and housing.

The improvement of orchards thru 10 demonstration orchards in various parts of the county.

More and better sheep, thru Junior Club work and the placing of 10 pure bred rams.

The spreading of 1000 tons of limestone in 1922. Vigorous pushing of the better sires, better stock campaign.

The holding of an annual Farm Bureau Picnic.

## Tobacco Seed Treatment

Indications are that many Kentucky tobacco growers will try seed treatment during the coming season in an effort to control wildfire and angular leaf spot, the two most serious diseases of tobacco.

The treatment which gives promise of rendering the seed disease free involves the use of bichloride of mercury which is being recommended in preference to formaldehyde as the latter resulted in some injury last year when the seed was not thoroughly washed. The seed is soaked for 15 minutes in a solution made up of one part of bichloride and 1000 parts of water after which it is washed thoroughly in several changes of clean water. Metal containers can not be used in the soaking process. After the soaking and washing the seed is dried quickly by placing it in a cheese cloth bag and swinging it around at arms length several times to remove the surplus water, after which it is spread out in a thin layer. The bichloride of mercury tablets are ordinarily sold of the strength that one tablet to a pint of water will make the one to one-thousand strength solution. Be very careful of bichloride of mercury as it is a poison.

A number of farmers have secured spray charts at the County Agent's office telling when to spray and what to use. The County Agent's office days are Saturday. If interested come and get a spray chart.

## Tuberculin Testing

Dr. Schneider, Deputy State Veterinarian, tested approximately 260 head of cattle last week in Crittenden county. Four reacting animals were found and they will be disposed of at once. A later test will be made in the spring and every one interested is urged to get in touch with the County Agent.

The Graduating Class of Forest Grove community will have part in the program at our next community meeting, Thursday Feb. 9. Rev. J. F. Price will deliver an address and Prof. John Young Brown of Marion High School will also talk.

## HUNT-WALKER

Mr. Collie Hunt and Miss Wilma Walker were married Thursday Jan. 26, in the parlor of the officiating minister, Rev. W. T. Oakley.

Mr. Hunt is an ex-service man and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Hunt. The bride is the daughter of the late Ed Walker.

## PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

At the last meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association it was determined by a vote that the Association give \$100 toward a library fund for the benefit of Marion Graded School. This money is to accrue from ten percent of the funds derived from the plays and other entertainments given under the auspices of the Association.

## SCHOOL OUT

Prof. J. B. McNeely was in the city Monday and reported that he closed his school at Lone Star Friday the thirtieth of last month making an average of 93 per cent of the Census enrollment.

Mrs. Robert Moore is visiting her mother at Fords Ferry.

## MARION GIRL TO PLAY IN "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

Sunday's Louisville Herald has this to say of a Marion girl who is now attending the Louisville Normal school.

Miss Fannie Moore will play the leading male role in "The Cricket on the Hearth" to be given by the students of the Louisville Normal School Thursday February 9 at 8 p. m. She takes the part of John Perrybingle, a rugged honest carrier who lived in Merrie England in the picturesque period of the early 40's.

Miss Moore, who home is in Marion, Ky., is living with Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Binkley, 2053 Sherwood avenue, while she is attending the Normal School.

## TOLU

Mr. Brownie Franks and Mark Foley went to Rosiclare Ill., on business one day last week.

Mr. Will Foster of West Frankfort is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Nation.

Taylor Lucas spent Sunday with his family at Mattoon.

J. D. Foley is on the sick list. Oral Planary and Wilford Bracey of Hebron attended church here Sunday night.

Mrs. Paul Adams is visiting Mrs. Phil Croft.

Miss Virginia Easley is visiting Miss Muriel Nation.

Miss Ollie Sigler of Marion spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Miss Mable.

Dr. O. T. Lewary accompanied R. H. Thomas to Paducah Tuesday for an operation.

Jack Shepherd returned from Paducah Friday.

On Jan. 24 a little baby girl made her arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Taylor.

Miss Opal Clark, who is attending school here, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clark.

## REPTON

Rev. and Mrs. Richardson were guests of Mr. Henry Summers and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Foster visited at the home of W. E. Smith Sunday.

Little Miss Daisy Alice Williams of Marion visited Hilda Rankin Sunday.

Rev. W. T. Oakley of Marion filled his appointment at the Presbyterian church here Sunday.

Mrs. Ed Perry of Marion was in Repton Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams visited their daughter, Mrs. Bob Rankin, Sunday.

Miss Velma Lynch was the guest of Pearl Smith Sunday.

Mrs. Doss Nation was the week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Walker of Marion.

## FARM FOR SALE

About 25 acres, mostly tillable, good house, blacksmith shop, grist mill and store house on premises. Located at Cave Spring church. Will be sold cheap.

ALBERT ORR, Repton, Ky., Rt. 2

## LUCKY FOR HENRY THAT HE BELONGS TO THIS AGE

Most of us are glad we weren't born 300 years ago, but S. S. Henry, the great magician who appears in Marion at the School Auditorium on Monday evening, Feb. 6, has a special reason.

"How on earth could I have made a living then" he inquires. "About my first trick and they would have burned me at the stake."

Of course Henry is a magician. But his magic isn't the black variety. It's the white variety, tinged with sunshine and good humor. This talented man from the minute he takes the stage keeps his audience in a state of constant bewilderment. "How does he do it?" the people ask as he passes rapidly from mystery to mystery, from novelty to novelty, and from surprise to surprise.

In addition to mysterious and unfathomable tricks for which he is noted, Henry is also an artist and his lightning sketches in colored crayons and sand will be thoroughly enjoyed.

Few magicians have enjoyed the success which has been Henry's the past few seasons. He is recognized today as one at the head of his profession, for his program is not only a standard magic entertainment but it possesses distinctly original features which are seldom enjoyed by Lyceum folks.

## LEVIAS

Mr. Grady Sisco and Miss Lemah Franklin surprised their many friends by going to Elizabethtown, Ill., Saturday where they were married.

Mr. Otto Moran and Miss Lemah Sisco of Marion accompanied Mr. G. Sisco and Miss Lemah Franklin to Elizabethtown Saturday.

Mrs. Mildred Settles and son visited the week end with her sister, Mrs. Hilda Morrell near Glendale.

Herman McKinney and wife were guests Sunday of his aunt, Melbie Franklin.

Mr. Howard Hurley and wife of Sheridan were visitors in this community Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Sallie Sullenger and Lemah Franklin were guests Thursday of last week of Miss Mary Watson.

Clarence Settles and wife were guests Wednesday of last week of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Settles.

Vernie Summers and wife visited last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Little, near Pleasant Grove.

Mr. Homer Davidson and sister, Miss Joyce, and Robbie McClure were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George McKinney.

Willard Perryman spent Sunday with his cousins, Everett Franks and Howard Harpending.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Settles visited Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Maud Love and family.

Mrs. L. L. Price - ad daughter, Ethlyn, were guests Wednesday of last week of Mrs. Joyce Norris.

## FOR SALE

One Blue Grass Oil Stove, 4-burner, in use about 10 months, in good condition. For particulars see

CALVERT SMALL, Marion, Ky. 1

## Ground Hog Day, Feb. 2—

There are some folks who believe that when the Ground Hog fails to see his shadow on February 2nd that good weather is insured for the next forty days. Others however discredit the idea that the ground hog has anything to do about the weather.

## But be that as it may--

Everybody KNOWS that Fire Insurance written by such companies as we represent INSURES PROTECTION AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

## Crider & Woods Co.

C. W. LAMB

MISS NELLE WALKER

MARION, KY.

## Did the ground hog see his shadow Feb. 2?

If the Weather is bad and the days are cold you will want good Coal.

If the Weather is Mild and the days are bright you will want GOOD COAL just the same.

We Sell GOOD COAL in fair weather or in foul, every day in the year.

When in need of coal call No. 31-2

We Give Eighty Pounds to the Bushel

## City Coal & Transfer Co.

R. S. Elkins

Phone 31-2

Marion, Ky.



# SISTERS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris

By  
**KATHLEEN  
NORRIS**

## "WHAT A MESS—MESS—MESS!"

"No," she whispered to herself, almost audibly, "no—it can't be that! It can't be Cherry and Peter—Oh, my God! Oh, my God, it has been that, all the time, that, all the time—and I never knew it—I never dreamed it!"

"It's Peter and Cherry! They have come to care for each other—they have come to care for each other," she said to herself, her thoughts rushing and tumbling in mad confusion as she tested and tried the new fear. "It must be so. But it can't be so!" Alix interrupted herself in terror, "for what shall we do—what shall we do! Cherry in love with Peter. But Peter is my husband—he is my husband. . . . Peter, who has always been so good to me—so generous to me—and it was Cherry all the time."

"Poor Cherry!" the older sister said aloud. "Poor little old Cherry—life hasn't been very kind to her! She and Peter must be so sorry and ashamed about this! And Dad would be so sorry; of all things he wanted most that Cherry should be happy! Perhaps," thought Alix, "he realized that she was that sort of a nature, she must love and be loved, or she cannot live! But why did he let her marry Martin, and why wasn't he here to keep me from marrying Peter? What a mess—mess—mess we've made of it all!"

"Cherry would be disgraced, and Martin—Martin would kill her, if he found her out! . . . Oh, my little sister! She would be town talk; she is so reckless, she would do anything—she would be a public scandal, and the papers would have her pictures—Dad's little yellow-headed Charity! Oh, Dad," she said, looking up into the dark, "tell me what to do! I need you so! Won't you somehow tell me what to do?"

Indeed, it is a "mess." For Alix is Cherry's older sister. And Peter is Alix's husband. And Cherry is married to Martin. And Alix loves both Peter and Cherry. And Martin and Cherry are drifting apart. And Dad is dead and can't help any of them.

So Alix tries the only way she can see out of the mess. It works for her, but for the others the results are unexpected. But who shall say not for the best?

Kathleen Norris, as everyone knows, is a California authoress who has proved her ability to handle big stories like this. "Sisters" is a good example of the type of stories that has given her so large and friendly a public.

## CHAPTER I.

Cherry Strickland came in the door of the Strickland house, and shut it behind her, and stood so, with her hands behind her on the knob, and her slender body leaning forward, and her bosom rising and falling in deep, ecstatic breaths. It was May in California, she was just eighteen, and for twenty-one minutes she had been engaged to be married.

She hardly knew why, after that last farewell to Martin, she had run so swiftly up the path, and why she had flashed into the house, and closed the door with such noiseless haste. There was nothing to run for! But it was as if she feared that the joy within her might escape into the moonlight night that was so perfumed with lilacs and the scent of wet woods. She was afraid that it was all too wonderful to be true, that she would awaken in the morning to find it only a dream, that she would somehow fall short of Martin's ideal—somehow fail him—somehow turn all this magic of moonshine and kisses into ashes and heartbreak.

She was a miser with her treasure, already; she wanted to fly with it, and to hide it away, and to test its reality in secret, alone. She had come running in from the wonderland down by the gate, just for this, just to prove to herself that it would not vanish in the commonplaceness of the shabby hall, would not disappear before the everyday contact of everyday things.

Dad was in the sitting room, with the girls. The doctor's house was full of girls. Anne, his niece, was twenty-four; Alix, Cherry's sister, three years younger—how staid and unmarried and undesired they seemed tonight to panting and glowing and glorified eighteen! Anne, with Alix's erratic help, kept house for her uncle, and was supposed to keep a sharp eye on Cherry, too. But she hadn't been sharp enough to keep Martin Lloyd from asking her to marry him, exulted Cherry, as she stood breathless and laughing in the dark hallway.

An older woman might have gone upstairs, to dream alone of her new joy, but Cherry thought that it would be "fun" to join the family, and "act as if nothing had happened!" She was only a child, after all.

Consciously or unconsciously, they had all tried to keep her a child, these three who looked up to smile at her as she came in. One of them, rosy, gray-headed, magnificent at sixty, was her father, whose favorite she knew she was. He held out his hand to her without closing the book that was in the other hand, and drew her to the wide arm of his chair, where she settled herself with her soft young body resting against him, her slim ankles crossed, and her cheek dropped against his thick silver hair.

Alix was reading, and dreamily scratching her ankle as she read; she was a tall, awkward girl, younger far at twenty-one than Cherry was at eighteen, pretty in a gipsyish way, untidy as to hair, with round black eyes, high, thin cheekbones marked with scarlet and a wide, humorous mouth that was somehow droll in its expres-

everybody making the hard climb except Peter Joyce, who was a trifle lame, and perhaps a little lazy as well, and who usually rode an old horse, with the lunch in saddle-bags at each side. Alix formulated her theories of platonic friendships on these walks; Anne dreamed a foolish, happy dream. Girls did marry, men did take wives to themselves, dreamed Anne; it would be unspeakably sweet, but it would be no miracle!

It was just after that mountain picnic that Cherry had come home; on a Sunday, as it chanced, that was her eighteenth birthday, and on which Martin and his aunt were coming to dinner. Alix had marked the occasion by wearing a loose velvet gown in which she fancied herself; Anne had conscientiously decorated the table, had seen to it that there was ice cream, and chicken, and all the accessories that make a Sunday dinner in the country a national institution. Cherry had done nothing helpful.

On the contrary, she had disgraced herself and infuriated Hong by deciding to make fudge the last minute. Hong had finally relegated her to the laundry, and it was from this limbo that Martin, laughing joyously, extricated her, when, sticky and repentant, she had called for help. It was Martin who untied the checked brown apron, disentangling from the strings the silky gold tendrils that were blowing over Cherry's white neck, and Martin who opened the door for her sugary fingers, and Martin who watched the flying little figure out of sight with a prolonged "Whew-w-w!" of utter astonishment. The child was a beauty.

Her eighteenth birthday! Martin had been shown her birthday gifts: books and a silver belt buckle and a gold pen and stationery and handkerchiefs. A day or two later she had had another gift; had opened the tiny Shreve box with a sudden hammering at her heart, with a presage of delight. She had found a silver-topped candy jar, and the card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd, and under the same, in tiny letters, the words "Oh, fudge!" The girls laughed over this nonsense appreciatively, but there was more than laughter in Cherry's heart.

From that moment the world was changed. Her father, her sister, her cousin had second place, now. Cherry had put out her innocent little hand, and had opened the gate, and had passed through it into the world. That hour was the beginning, and it had led her surely, steadily, to the other hour tonight when she had been kissed and had kissed in return.

"So—we walk home with young men!" mused the doctor, smiling. "Look here, girls, this little Miss Muffet will be cutting you both out with that young man, if you're not careful!"

Alix, deep in her story, did not hear him, but Anne smiled faintly, and faintly frowned as she shook her



She Found a Silver-Topped Candy Jar and the Card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd.

head. She considered Cherry sufficiently precocious without Uncle Lee's ill-considered tolerance.

He would have had them always children, this tender, simple, innocent Dr. Strickland. He was in many ways a child himself. He had never made money in his profession; he and his wife and the two tiny girls had had a hard enough struggle sometimes. Anne and her own father had joined the family eight years ago, in the same year that the Strickland patent fire extinguisher, over which the doctor had been putting for years, had been sold. It did not sell, as his neighbors believed, for a million dollars, but for perhaps one-tenth of that sum. It was enough, and more than enough, whatever it was. After Anne's father died it meant that the doctor could live on in the brown house under the redwoods, with his girls, reading, fussing with a new invention, walking, consulting with Anne, laughing at Alix, and spoiling his youngest-born.

It was a perfect life for the old man; it was only lately that he begun uneasily to suspect that they would some day want something more, that they would some day tire of empty forest and blowing mountain ridge, and go away from the shadow of Mt. Tamsalpais, and into the world.

Anne, now—was she beginning to fancy this young Lloyd? Dr. Strickland was surprised with the fervor with which he repudiated the thought. This young engineer, who had drifted already into a dozen different and distant places, was not the man for staid little Anne.

"What did you want to see Mr. Lloyd about tomorrow, Dad?" Cherry interrupted his thoughts to ask.

"The rose vine. What did he say about coming over, Cherry?"

Cherry remarked, between two reading yawns, that Mr. Lloyd was coming over tomorrow at ten o'clock, and Peter, too.

"Peter won't be much good!" Alix commented. Cherry looked at her reproachfully.

"You're awfully mean to Peter, lately!" she protested. Her father gave her a shrewd look, with his good-night kiss, and immediately afterward both the younger girls dragged their way up to bed.

Alix and Cherry shared a bare, woody-smelling room tucked away under brown eaves. The walls were of raw pine, the latticed windows, in hunchback fashion, opened into the fragrant darkness of the night. The beds were really bunks, and above her bunk each girl had an extra berth, for occasional guests. There was scant prettiness in the room, and yet it was full of purity and charm. The girls, like all their neighbors, were hardy, bred to cold baths, long walks, simple hours, and simple food. In the soft western climate they left their bedroom windows open the year round; they liked to wake to winter damp and fog, and go downstairs with blue finger-tips and chattering teeth, to warm themselves with breakfast and the fire.

Alix rolled herself in a gray army blanket, and was asleep in some sixty seconds. But Cherry felt that she was floating in seas of new joy and utter delight, and that she would never be sleepy again.

Downstairs Anne and the doctor sat staidly on the man dreaming with a knotted forehead, the girl sewing. Presently she ran a needle through her fine white work with seven tiny stitches, folded it, and put her thumb into a case that hung from her orderly working with a long ribbon.

"Wait a minute, Anne," said the doctor, as she straightened herself to rise. "This young Lloyd, now—what do you think of him?"

She widened demure blue eyes.

"Should you be sorry if I liked him, Uncle Lee?" she smiled.

The old man rumbled his silver hair restlessly.

"That's the way the wind blows, eh?" he asked kindly.

"Well—you see how much he's here! You see the flowers and books and notes. I'm not the sort of girl to wear my heart on my sleeve," Anne, who was fond of small conversational tags, assured him merrily. "But there must be some fire where there's so much smoke!" she ended.

"You're not sure, my dear?" he asked, after some thought.

"Oh, no," she answered. "It's just a fancy that persists in coming and going." She got to her feet, saying brightly, "Well! we mustn't take this too gravely—yet. It was only that I wanted to be open and above-board with you, uncle, from the beginning. That's the only honest way."

"That's wise and right!" her uncle answered, in the kindly, absent tone he had used to them as children, a tone he was apt to use to Anne when she was in her highest mood, and one she rather resented.

"Cherry, now—" he asked, detaining her for a moment. "She—you don't think that perhaps Peter admires her?"

"Peter!" Anne echoed amazedly, and stood thinking.

Peter was more than thirty years old, thin, scholarly, something of a solitary, the sweet, dreamy, affectionate neighbor who had shared the girls' lives for the past ten years. For some reason she could not, or would not, define, Anne liked the idea of Cherry and Peter falling in love.

"Somehow one doesn't think of Peter as marrying anyone—" she said slowly, still trying to grasp the thought.

"You darling—you little exquisite beauty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Cold Comfort.

The maiden of forty or so was upset. Said she to a younger friend: "Kate talks so outrageously. Yesterday she told me I was nothing but a hopeless old maid."

"That's pretty frank," exclaimed her friend. "Still, it's better than having her tell lies about you."

## GOOD HIGHWAYS

### ROADS CONSTRUCTED IN 1921

Approximately 28,000 Miles Built During Year Just Passed—Materials Lower.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Road building has recovered from the setback received during the war, and prospects are bright for the future. Approximately 14,000 miles of road were constructed during the present season by the states in conjunction with federal aid, according to the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, and probably an equal amount independent of federal aid. More miles of improved road were built than during any other year.

Costs of road grading and construction with local materials is down practically to the 1914 level. Some reductions, also, have been made in freight rates on road materials. The importance of this item is shown by the fact that in some cases it has been estimated that increased freight rates have added 10 per cent to the cost of a road. Prices of manufactured road materials tend downward; the present level is materially lower than that of a year ago.

With the new appropriation by congress of \$75,000,000, added impetus will be given to new road construction. Many of the states are considering en-



Federal-Aid Road in Western State, Just Completed.

large amounts of state aid, and the new law will have a tendency to encourage this policy. It will also secure the construction of a system of interstate and intercounty highways, rather than haphazard selection of roads as in some cases in the past.

## HEAT INFLUENCES CONCRETE

Discovery Made That Edges Curl Up and Down in Response to Temperature Changes.

That the edges of concrete roads curl up and down in response to changes in temperature is the discovery recently made by the bureau of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture in the course of experiments at the department's experimental farm at Arlington, Va.

Curling is caused by the unequal expansion and contraction of the upper and lower sides of the concrete slab under the influence of heat. It has been observed during the middle of the day when the surface of the road becomes hot it expands more than the cooler underside and causes the sides to move downward. At night when the surface is cool the contraction causes the edges to rise slightly. The extreme movement may be as much as one-tenth of an inch.

While the warping of the concrete is not in itself detrimental to the road, it may lead to failure of the surface under the wheels of vehicles which travel over it when parts of it are not resting on the ground.

## HAUL PRODUCTS TO MARKET

Enormous Amount Carried Over Country Roads Shows Necessity of Better Condition.

The necessity of keeping country roads in good condition is shown by a report recently compiled by the bureau of markets and crop estimates, United States Department of Agriculture, showing the extent to which they are used in hauling farm products to market. According to the report, which shows the tonnage of 11 products hauled on country roads, giving the yearly average for the period from 1915 to 1919, there were 27 tons of these 11 crops hauled for every 100 acres of land. The average tonnage of the 11 crops hauled on country roads each year for the period mentioned amounted to 89,590,000 tons. The 11 crops referred to in the report are corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, flaxseed, cotton (including seed), tobacco, potatoes and cultivated hay.

Bonds for Good Roads. Pennsylvania has just sold \$11,200,000 bonds bearing 4 1/2 per cent interest—the last of a \$20,000,000 issue for road work—for \$104.51, which shows that, however the market for other bonds may be, there's a mighty brisk demand for non-taxables.

Want to Spend \$15,000.000.

The Massachusetts department of public works wants to spend \$15,000,000 a year on roads and bridges of the state during the next 20 years.

## MOTHER! CLEAN

### CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation, poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

## Almost a Tragedy.

Jack—Did you hear about that terrible accident at the ball last night? Jill—No; what was it?

Jack—Bess got too near an electric fan, and two men who were standing near were almost suffocated by the clouds of powder.

## HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Here's How to Get Rid of the Cough and Rebuild the Body

Greensboro, Tenn.—"In the winter of 1918 I had the LaGrippe very bad and had a very hard cough. The doctor got me up and going about, but I did not feel well and could not do anything. In December, 1917, I was taken down again with LaGrippe, also had a cough. Iached all over and my back hurt so I could not stand but a few minutes at a time. The doctor attended me until February, then I sent for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By the time I had taken half of my first bottle I was feeling better. I took eight bottles in all and then felt as well as I ever did. I thank the 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life."—Geneva L. Wallace.

Procure the Discovery in tablets or liquid from your neighborhood druggist or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package of the tablets and write for free medical advice.

## MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

## SPASMODIC CROUP UNDER CONTROL

Remedy is Very Simple. Relief is Positive.

Croup has lost its terrors in thousands of homes. No more frantic calls to hurry the doctor, who is coming as fast as the law allows. No more tedious moments of anxious waiting. No more gasping and strangling little children, whose sufferings seemed almost beyond belief.

When the choking sob wakens father and mother, they may phone the doctor, but they are also telling him that they are using Sloan's Croup-Pneumonia Salve and he knows things are going to turn out nicely.

First apply a little of the salve up each nostril with finger. This clears the nasal passages at once. Next place hot wet cloths on the little fellow's chest and back. After three minutes remove and quickly rub salve on thickly.

A miraculous change will come; he will breathe easier and easier. Now cover chest and back with warm white flannel; a quiet, comforting sleep will come. Form bodiliches around chin so that vapors will be inhaled and all's well. The doctor will be pleased; doctors know Sloan's Salve.

Buy this salve in 5-cent and 10-cent bottles at the drug store nearest you.

## USE SLOAN'S TO WARD OFF PAIN

LITTLE aches grow into big pains unless ward off by an application of Sloan's. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, lame back won't fight long against Sloan's Liniment.

For more than forty years Sloan's Liniment has helped thousands, the world over. You won't be an exception. It certainly does produce results.

It penetrates without rubbing. Keep this old family friend always handy for instant use. Ask your neighbor.

At all druggists—25c, 70c, \$1.40.

## Sloan's Liniment (Pain Expeller)

## DROPSY TREATED ONE WEEK FREE

Short breathing; feet and legs swollen; water in the chest and heart; purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment, COLLOID DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. W.B., ATLANTA, GA.

Every Person Who Writes a Check money a Check in Full (No. 100) will receive a figure can not be erased or altered. Absolutely perfect and will last a lifetime. Sample free. A good article for advertising in. Little Mermaid Co., Box 167, Minneapolis, Minn.







## THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Marion, Ky., Feb. 3, 1922

Published every Friday by  
W. F. HOGARD & SONS  
R. E. WILBORN, Mgr. Job Dept.

Entered as second-class matter  
February 9th, 1878, at the postoffice  
at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act  
of Congress of March 3rd, 1877.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
In County and Zone One .....\$1.50  
Zone Two and Beyond .....\$2.00

**HEATER FOR SALE**  
One large size Moores Heater,  
practically new, at a bargain. 1  
J. A. ELDER

**FOR SALE**  
Three good work mules 3\*  
W. G. CONDITT

It is reported that quite a number  
of farmers in the country are burn-  
ing plant beds preparatory to rais-  
ing a crop of tobacco this year.

## DEANWOOD

Miss Wilma Walker and Mr. Col-  
lie Hunt drove to the home of Rev.  
W. T. Oakley Thursday and were  
united in marriage.

Miss Jessie Travis visited Mr.  
Otis Travis Saturday.

Mr. Albert J. Walker of Providence  
was the guest of his parents,  
Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Walker last  
week.

Miss Dixie Travis visited Mrs.  
Olivia Walker Saturday.

Miss Velma Dean spent Saturday  
night with Miss Ruby Gahagen at  
Weston.

Mr. Arvil Hodge was the guest of  
Mr. T. L. Walker one night last  
week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Travis and  
children and Mr. and Mrs. A. C.  
Walker visited Mrs. G. D. Lamb  
Sunday.

Miss Nannie Travis was the guest  
of Mr. J. M. Travis Saturday.

Mr. T. E. Walker and family  
spent Saturday with Mr. T. L. Wal-  
ker and family.

# FORDSON

The Ford Motor Co. announces a reduction in the price  
of the FORDSON TRACTOR, effective January 27, 1922  
as follows:

**NEW PRICE**

**\$395.00**

F. O. B. Detroit

**OLD PRICE**

**\$625**

F. O. B. Detroit

Call the following dealer for an immediate demonstration on your farm.

**FOSTER & TUCKER, - - - Marion, Ky.**

## Spring Oxfords

Just received our first shipment of new Spring Ox-  
fords. Our next shipment will be in about February 10.  
When you come to Marion be sure to come in and look  
them over. New Styles—The Best Values.

## GRADY'S

First Door South Farmers Bank and Trust Co.

We Carry a Full and Complete Line of Staple and Fancy  
Groceries

WE SELL DRY GOODS, NOTIONS ETC.

SHOP AT GRADY'S

**Shop at Grady's**

## SHADY GROVE

Rev. Harvey Vanhooser delivered  
a fine sermon at this place Sunday.  
Bro. Roy McDowell delivered a  
fine sermon at the Methodist church  
Sunday night.

Rev. Dennie Hubbard will preach  
at the Baptist church next Sunday at  
this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hardin and  
little son were guests of her par-  
ents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Horning at  
this place Sunday.

Lucile Wood, who has been on the  
sick list for some time is much better.  
Mrs. Willie Joyce spent one day  
last week with Mrs. Ila Stallions.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenneth Brown and  
Miss Inez Horning were guests of  
Mr. and Mrs. W. Horning at this  
place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lofton have  
moved to their new home at Providence.

Mrs. Archie Leet has been on the  
sick list for some time but is much  
better.

Miss Jane Horning is visiting her  
sister, Mrs. Bessie Hardin at this  
place.

Mrs. Delie Hardin spent one day  
last week with her mother, Mrs. An-  
nie Marvel at this place.

Mrs. Angeline Joyce spent one day  
last week with her daughter, Mrs.  
Annie Coleman at this place.

Mr. Wirt Horning went to Marion  
one day last week on business.

## GLADSTONE

Mrs. J. M. Simpson visited her  
daughter, Mrs. Delpha Tosh one day  
last week.

Mr. R. Crowell has traded his  
farm near this place for a home in  
Providence.

Mr. C. B. Collins was in Sullivan  
Saturday.

Mr. Joe Duncan and family passed  
through this section Saturday.

Mr. C. T. Scott and son visited  
Mr. C. B. Collins and family one  
day last week.

Mr. W. Mayes and family spent  
Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Ewell  
Arfack and family.

Miss Bytha McKinley visited Mrs.  
Chas. Latham recently.

Mr. Oscar and Adrian McClanahan  
were in Sullivan one day last week.

## WHITE ROSE

Austin Davis and wife were guests  
of Jim Campbell and wife Sunday.

Effie Campbell is visiting her sis-  
ter, Mrs. Essie McKinley of Lyon  
county.

Clarence McDonald of near Tyline  
is moving to Mr. Henry Brewster's  
farm.

Annie Campbell is visiting her  
daughter, Cora McKinley.

Roy Brown visited Hayden Davis  
Saturday.

Ina Guess spent Sunday with her  
sister, Mrs. Iva Travis.

Gus Crouch lost a fine horse last  
week.

Grace Crouch visited Cora Asbridge  
Thursday of last week.

Ina Guess was the guest of Mittie  
Brown one day last week.

**Rub-My-Tism**, antiseptic and  
pain killer, for infected sores,  
tetter, sprains, neuralgia, rheu-  
matism.

Ed D. Stone is preparing a bill for  
the Legislature to act upon, said bill  
provides that each householder with-  
in the state of Kentucky shall keep  
one dog free and exempt from tax.  
Said bill will be mailed to Rep. Wal-  
ter Pierce for consideration.

# PUBLIC SALE!

**Douglas O. Carnahan Real Estate**

AT

**MARION, KY.**

**Monday, February 13th, 1922**

By order of the referee in Bankruptcy, Hon. Wm. L. Gordon, for the  
District Court of the United States for the Western District of Ken-  
tucky, the undersigned trustee of the bankrupt, Douglas O. Carnahan,  
will at 1 O'clock P. M. on Monday February 13, 1922, at the premises  
hereinafter described in the city of Marion, Ky., expose to sale at public out-  
cry to the highest and best bidder, separately, the two pieces of real es-  
tate herein after described. Sales will be made upon a credit of six  
months, and the purchaser or purchasers will execute bond or bonds, with  
approved security, payable to the trustee having the force and effect of  
a judgment and enforceable by rule, and bearing interest from date of sale  
at the rate of six per cent per annum until paid, and a lien will be re-  
tained upon the property sold as further security, with the privilege how-  
ever to the purchaser or purchasers to pay cash in lieu of executing bond;  
the trustee will reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Said real estate is described as follows:

1—A certain store house and lot on the corner of Salem and Main  
Streets in Marion, Ky., same known as lot No. 1 and lot No. 14, front-  
ing 44 feet on Salem Street and running back on Main Street, sometimes  
called Fords Ferry Street, 85 1-2 feet. (See deed of W. T. McConnell and  
Wife dated October 10th, 1919 D. R. 45 page 142 Crittenden County  
Court Clerks Office) which is indivisible in kind without materially im-  
pairing its value.

2—Also one lot fronting 21 feet and 11 inches on Main Street in  
front of the Court House in Marion, Ky., immediately north of the R.  
F. Wheeler grocery running back at right angles to Main Street 130  
feet to an alley, same descended to the bankrupt under the will of W.  
G. Carnahan (See will book page 473 Crittenden County Court Clerks).

**FELIX G. COX,**

Trustee of Douglas O. Carnahan, Bankrupt

## Be Rid of That Ache

If you are a sufferer with lame back  
backache, dizziness, nervousness and  
kidney disorders, why don't you try  
the remedy that your own neighbors  
recommend? Ask your neighbor.

Mrs. Joel Pickens, 402 W. Depot  
St., Marion, says: "I was suffering  
from a weak and disordered condition  
of my kidneys. My back was the worst  
source of complaint. It ached dread-  
fully thru' the small part and my  
kidneys acted irregularly. I was trou-  
bled a great deal with dizziness" too.  
I read much about Doan's Kidney  
Pills and got a box at Haynes and  
Taylor's Drug Store. They helped  
me from the first and I continued  
using them until cured." (Statement  
given October 17, 1916)

On December 22, 1920 Mrs. Pick-  
ens said "Although I haven't had need  
for a kidney remedy since Doan's  
cured me I am always glad to speak  
a word of praise for them."

60c at all dealers. Foster-Milburn  
Co., Mfrs. Buffalo, N. Y. (Adver-  
tisement.)

**666**

Will break a Cold, Fever and  
Grippe quicker than anything we  
know, preventing pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Williams were  
guests of their daughter, Mrs. Rosie  
Rankin Sunday.

**Strouse & Bros.**

**MODERNIZING SALE**

**Is now on—Full Swing**

Hundreds of Men and Women are tak-  
ing advantage of the great opportunity  
for economical buying and saving.

You'll find Big REDUCTIONS in every  
Men's and Boys' Department on good  
Standard Quality merchandise. It will  
pay you to come to Strouse & Bros. where  
you will pay less than former prices.

**Strouse & Bros.**  
Evansville, Ind.

Parcel Post  
repaid on  
Mail Orders.

Dependable Since 1866

Fares Reduced  
According to  
M.R.A. Plan.

## FARMERS SHOULD RAISE MORE GOOD UTILITY HORSES

**Federal Authorities State That Horses Are More Economical on  
Farms Than Motorized Tractors or Trucks—An Infusion  
of Thoroughbred Blood Gives Spirit, Vigor And  
Endurance To All Breeds**

There is now a recognized "horse  
zone" where short hauls and frequent  
stops are necessary in both city and  
country into which the truck and  
tractor cannot enter and compete  
with the horse without loss to the  
merchant and the farmer. After a  
costly experiment the horse is com-  
ing into his own, displacing the  
motorized truck and tractor, particu-  
larly on the farm, where it has been  
conclusively demonstrated that there  
is economy in breeding a suitable type  
of horse for a varied agricultural  
service.

At a recent meeting in Chicago of  
the Horse Association of America, H.  
C. Taylor, Chief of the Federal  
Bureau of Farm Markets, presented  
some interesting figures, the result  
of official investigations, proving that  
horses are more economical in every  
field of operation on farms than the  
motorized tractor or truck.

Computed on 1921 feed prices, the  
cost of power per acre, according to  
the U. S. Department findings, is \$1.37  
for plowing with horses as compared  
with \$1.72 with tractors; disking, 34c  
with horses and 55c with tractors;  
disking in combination, 32c with  
horses as against 59c with tractors;  
barrowing 18c with horses as against  
30c with tractors; drawing hay load-  
er, 52c with horses and 91c with  
tractors, and drawing grain binder,  
51c with horses, 55c with tractors.

The value of mechanical motive  
power is clearly recognized by the  
Horse Association of America, but  
after a thorough nation-wide inquiry,  
it has been shown that the enforced  
displacement of the horse in farm  
work has been expensive to the  
farmer and has increased the cost of  
living to every family in America.

The various State Agricultural Col-  
leges, particularly in the central west,  
are stressing the point that horses  
should be bred for the definite qual-  
ities which stand the test of long,  
hard service, an infusion of thor-  
ough-

bred blood giving spirit, vigor and en-  
durance to the colder breeds.

George Lane, head of a \$1,000,000  
live-stock ranch in Canada, in a recent  
letter to Wayne Dinsmore, Secretary  
of the Horse Association of America,  
said:

"I have crossed Thoroughbred sires  
on broncho mares; on high grade  
Clydesdale mares; on mares sired by  
Percheron stallions out of broncho  
dams; on mares that were 3/4 or 1/2  
Percheron; and whenever I had a  
pure bred Percheron mare that would  
not settle to a Percheron sire, I bred  
her to a thoroughbred sire, and  
usually got such mares in foal, the re-  
sult being a crossbred thoroughbred  
Percheron. We have bred the female  
produce resulting from these various  
crosses to both thoroughbred and  
Percheron sires, so that we have  
horses carrying various degrees of  
thoroughbred blood—from 1/4 to 3/4  
bred from mares of various types  
and blood strains. From long ex-  
perience in the use of such horses,  
and our actual breeding operations,  
I know that the thoroughbred cross  
on any draft mare increases quality,  
endurance, and length of life."

The manufacture of mechanical mo-  
tive power already has caused an  
enormous drain upon our available  
labor resources, so that every time a  
farmer, or business man, buys a  
mechanical power unit which he does  
not absolutely need, he is simply bid-  
ding up the labor market against him-  
self. Nor can the market for coarse  
grains be left out of consideration.  
The displacement of horses occurring  
in the years 1910 to 1920, destroyed  
an annual market for over 115 million  
bushels of oats, 70 million bushels of  
corn and 4 1/2 million tons of hay—  
more than the average total export  
per year on these items. The curtail-  
ment of city demand cuts off not only  
the outlet for surplus farm horses, but  
this great market for staple farm  
products.

(Advertisement)



## Money Grows



The money crop is the easiest crop to grow. Just plant a few dollars each week in this Bank. They begin to grow immediately. They continue to grow, day and night, twenty-four hours every day, regardless of weather conditions. No cultivation necessary.

This Bank pays four per cent on time deposits—this is the fertilizer that makes every dollar left here produce more dollars.

Bring your money here—we'll make the crop for you.

**FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK**  
Tolu, Kentucky

## Local News

Mr. G. F. Jennings went to Hopkinsville Tuesday.

Mrs. H. C. Myers and little son, of Evansville, who have been visiting Mrs. Myers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cannan, returned home Monday.

Mr. C. E. Does has returned from Madisonville where he has been the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Tom Hearin.

Messrs. Mayes Traylor, of Fredonia, and T. H. Stephenson, of Mexico, were in the city Monday.

Miss Marie Granstaff, of Crayne, Mrs. W. O. Wicker and Mrs. T. H. Stephenson, of Mexico, were in the city shopping Monday.

Rev. J. W. Vallendingham, pastor of the Baptist church at Salem, was in Marion Monday enroute to Louisville.

Mrs. Flora Wimberley, of Sturgis, who has been the guest of her father, Roe Williams, returned home Monday.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Sturgis was a business visitor in the city Monday.

The residence of H. S. Wheeler on East Depot Street caught fire Monday afternoon but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

Messrs. Ford Hunter and Reuben Bradford, of Mexico, were Marion visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Peek of the Caldwell Springs section, who have been visiting Mrs. Peek's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Conyer, returned home Monday.

Mrs. F. A. Casner visited her sister, Mrs. Aubrey Cannan, at Marion Saturday and Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Cannan are the proud parents of a young daughter.—Providence Enterprise.

Dr. W. W. Martin, Mrs. Martin and sons, Shelby and Dean, of Clay, were in the city Monday enroute home from Pinekeyville, where they attended the funeral of Dr. Martin's father, Isaac H. Martin.

Mrs. Eb Guess is ill at her home on Fords Ferry road.

Mr. J. C. Bourland was a business visitor at Mexico Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Brown left Monday for a months visit to Tampa Fla., they will also visit Birmingham Ala.

Eleven new pupils from the live little town of Mexico enrolled their names at Marion graded and high school Monday. They are Anna Belle Hunter, Lottie Winstead, Alton Wicker, Vaughn Tabor, Orville Tabor, Barnett Tabor, Ruby Whitt, Imogene Stephens, Ruby McMaster, Gustava Brasher and Austin Brasher.

City Attorney J. G. Rochester has been ill for several days and confined to his home.

Prof. R. E. Jaggars and son, Wilfred Gerald, went to Morganfield Monday.

Rev. G. P. Dillon, Evangelist Billy Yates and Miss Eva Yates went to Sturgis Monday to engage in a revival meeting.

Born to the wife of H. B. Gass, of Saleh Star Route, on Wednesday of last week, twins, a boy and a girl.

The next term of the Fiscal Court will meet on Wednesday, February 15.

W. Owen Moore, of Crittenden county, is visiting friends in the city says the Paducah News Democrat.

Mr. G. F. Jennings returned from Hopkinsville Wednesday, bringing his wife home with him.

Rev. W. T. Oakley went to Ashland church near Clay Wednesday to preach the funeral of Virgil Curry, son of W. P. Curry.

City Marshall A. H. Cannan, who has been confined to his home for some time on account of an injury to one of his eyes, is able to be out again.

Mr. Floyd Wheeler has returned from an extended visit to Oklahoma.

Rev. Downing, pastor of the First Baptist church at Morganfield, will preach at the First Baptist church of this city next Sunday morning and evening. Visitors are welcome.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. G. P. Dillon, Supt. R. E. Jaggars will preach at the Methodist church Sunday at 11 o'clock. Prof. John Y. Brown will fill the pulpit at the evening service.

Rev. A. Arnold Fletcher, of Frankfort, Ind., filled the pulpit at the First Baptist Church here, Thursday evening of this week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Haywood, of Clarksdale, Miss., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Sue Martin in East Marion. Mr. R. H. Kemp and daughter, Mrs. G. M. Swisher, went to Repton Wednesday to attend the funeral of Margarite Brantley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Brantley, the burial being at Oak Grove cemetery.

Mabel, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ruth Johnson, is very ill of pneumonia at her home on Fords Ferry road.

Mrs. Kit Butler visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Stephenson, of Frances, last week.

Mr. E. L. Nunn, who had his shoulder badly injured, is able to be up again.

Mr. W. Jett Nunn, of the Trade-water section, will move with his family to the Gus Terry farm near Sheridan.

The Woman's Club met in regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Ellen Croft. Delightful refreshments were served.

Rev. James F. Price will deliver a Commencement Address to the Forest Grove graduating class Feb. 9 at 7:30 P. M.

Rev. T. C. Carter and Mrs. Carter went to Sturgis Tuesday for a two weeks visit to the family of T. E. Hopewell and other friends.

Miss Anna Laura Howerton of Repton, who has been visiting the family of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Picas Howerton, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. King are the proud parents of a baby daughter, born January 26.

Mrs. J. T. Birchfield and daughter, Ruby, who have been in Evansville for treatment, returned home Monday.

Mr. Charles McConnell, of Hyandro, Okla., who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McConnell, has returned home.

Mr. J. T. McConnell, who has been confined to his home by illness, is able to be up again.

Mrs. H. V. Stone and Mrs. Norman Stone are visiting friends in Paducah and Rosiclarie this week.

Miss Elizabeth Rochester went to Sturgis Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Arch Berry.

Mrs. D. W. Stone went to Cave-in-Rock Tuesday for a two weeks visit to the family of her father, Joseph Mason.

Mrs. Burnett Moore and daughter Helen, went to Fords Ferry Tuesday to visit Mrs. Moore's mother, Mrs. Jane Hamilton.

Mr. D. W. Stone made a business trip to Hopkinsville and Uniontown Tuesday.

Mrs. D. H. Nation and little son, who have been visiting Mrs. Nation's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Walker, returned home Tuesday.

Messrs. R. S. Elkins and Albert Elkins went to Hopkinsville Tuesday to attend the funeral of their father, J. L. Elkins, who died Monday age 70 years.

Mr. Will Custard, 57 years old, died at his home near Fredonia last week.

Mrs. W. O. Towery, of Princeton who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Susan Burgett, returned home Tuesday.

County Attorney E. D. Stone went to Hopkinsville on business the last of the week.

Mr. W. M. DeHaven of Blackford was in the city Tuesday. Mr. DeHaven has been a subscriber of the Press since its inception 44 years ago.

R. H. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Ford went to Crittenden county Sunday to visit their mother, Mrs. W. M. Ford, who is partially paralyzed and received a fall a few days ago fracturing two ribs.—Providence Enterprise.

### CROSS LANES

Mrs. Otis Hughes, Ina Robertson J. F. Moore, J. F. O'Neal, N. A. O'Neal and Mrs. L. D. McDowell spent Thursday of last week guests of Mrs. T. A. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Young and son visited Mr. George Nelson and wife Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Thomas and children visited her mother Monday.

Ina Scott spent Saturday with Hilda Manley.

Ruth Moore visited her sister at Repton the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts and daughter spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Mr. Jim Ed Skinner and W. Nunn were in Marion Sunday.

Mr. J. T. O'Neal was in Marion one day last week.

Misses Inez and Reba Conger, Ina Scott, Mildred Duvall and Ruth Moore attended the entertainment Saturday night.

Mrs. Willie Manley and son spent Saturday night with Mrs. Fred Brown.

666 is a prescription for Colds, Fever and Lagrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know.

## DODGE BROTHERS

announce

a substantial reduction  
in the prices of their cars  
effective January 1st, 1922



Touring .....	\$ 880.00
Roadster .....	850.00
Sedan .....	1440.00
Coupe .....	1280.00
Screen .....	880.00
Panel .....	980.00
No. 1 and 3 Chassis .....	730.00
No. 7 Chassis .....	580.00

F. O. B. Detroit

**T. H. COCHRAN & CO.**

## COAL THAT WILL BURN

You get the very best coal that can be bought any where  
Don't take our word for it but ask any one that has  
used our coal and they will tell you that there is less  
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The following described property:

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Also, 150 gallons of new Sorghum

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It's Quicksilver, Salivates, Causes  
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The next dose of calomel you take may salivate you. It may shock your liver or start bone necrosis. Calomel is dangerous. It is mercury, quicksilver. It crashes into your bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

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Some people have such wonderfully good health nothing seems to hurt them. Others could so easily have fine color and more strength and vigor if they would help nature with Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It is a splendid iron tonic that physicians have prescribed for thirty years. It is not an experiment. It is not merely a temporary help, because it makes plenty of red blood and, as everybody knows, red blood is the only sure foundation of permanent health and strength. Get Pepto-Mangan of your drugstore—and take it a few weeks and see how much better you feel and look. Sold in liquid and tablet form. Advertisement.

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Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

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A foot at rest meets nothing.

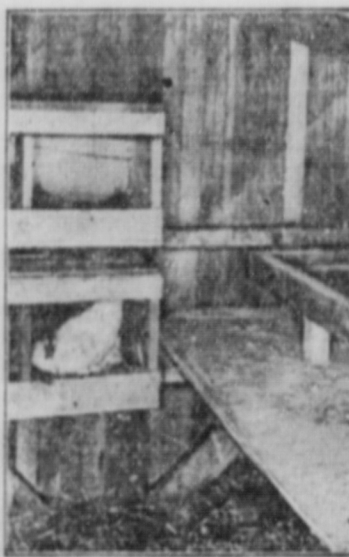
## POULTRY

### HATCHET BEST FOR SICK HENS

Many Reasons Enumerated Why Ailing Fowls Should Be Killed Rather Than Cured.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The most reliable and profitable method for curing sick poultry is the hatchet. At least that seems to have been the experience of a large number of commercial poultry raisers. They find that it does not pay to spend much time or money in trying to bring a sick fowl back to health. One reason is that it takes considerable time, during which the bird will not be laying, and another is that a sick bird is always a menace to the rest of the flock. However, in spite of the efficiency of the hatchet as a cure, it is not good business to be careless just because such



Profits Are Greater Where Houses Are Kept in Sanitary Condition.

an efficient remedy is at hand. Prevention in most cases is not difficult nor costly, and pays big dividends.

The poultry flock is subject to a number of diseases, some of which spread rapidly and cause big losses. The birds may also be infested with various parasites, some of which live on the surface of the body and others in the various parts of the interior. Such parasites, whether they are outside or inside workers, are injurious because they take a part of the nourishment which should be used to put on flesh or to produce eggs, and also because of irritation and inflammation of the parts they attack.

The contagious diseases caused by germs and the weakness and loss of flesh caused by the larger parasites are the most important conditions which the poultryman must consider in order to keep his birds in health. These germs and parasites can be kept down by suitable preventative measures, and the aim of study of the diseases should be to learn prevention rather than cure. Medicines may be given advantageously at times but as a rule, as has been suggested, it is better to kill the sufferer. There is another reason not yet mentioned that makes the killing of sick birds desirable. Birds that first contract diseases are apt to be the weakest ones in the flock and should be culled out.

The more birds kept on a farm or plot of ground and the more they are crowded the greater the danger from contagion and parasites, and the more important the measures for excluding, eradicating, and preventing development of these causes of disease.

The best way to do this is to secure eggs from a flock that has shown no indication of contagious disease for at least a year. If precautions are taken to keep the eggs absolutely clean and they are hatched in a thoroughly cleaned incubator the young chicks will have a much better chance. They will also grow up with a better chance of escaping disease if they are raised in clean brooders and kept upon ground where poultry has not run for some time.

Sometimes these directions cannot be followed exactly. If all the available ground has been recently used for poultry, fowls should be taken from that part which is to be used for the new flock, a good coating of freshly slacked lime applied to the surface, and a few days later it should be plowed. Then it should be cultivated three or four times with intervals of a week, and finally sowed to a small grain crop. In a few months the greater part of the germs will be destroyed, but it is better to leave the ground unoccupied by poultry until a winter has passed.

It is more difficult to raise a new flock free from parasites if the eggs are hatched by hens, for hens may carry lice and mites and various parasites. For this reason it is a good idea to select hens for brooding from a flock free from disease and pests.

To keep germs and parasites from developing to a great extent, poultry houses need to be cleaned frequently and the drinking fountains and feed troughs need a weekly washing with boiling water or other disinfectant. If any lice or mites are found on the birds or in their houses, the roosts and adjoining parts of the walls must be painted with commercial carbolicum or a mixture of 1 quart kerosene and 1 teacupful of crude carbolic acid or crude cresol, or the house may be whitewashed with freshly slacked lime and sprayed with kerosene emulsion. Dust the fowl with sodium fluoride or lice powder.

## The Kidnaped Peasant Girl

By R. RAY BAKER

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

It was all very well, this being kidnaped, until the masked man at the wheel of the auto tried to kiss her. Then the girl let out a scream that the valley walls hurried back and forth through the pine woods.

The kidnaper had drawn up beside the road, and without a word had placed his arm around the girl, implanting a smacking kiss full on her red lips. Until now it had seemed like a grand lark, but after that—well, she really was frightened now.

The man was in garments evidently intended to proclaim him as a knight, but it was rather inconsistent attire. He wore army leggings over blue trousers, and a striped blouse of red and yellow. A sword with a dented scabbard hung from his waist, and a pink domino with a red hood surmounting all. The face was clean-shaven and the part that showed was not at all repulsive.

The girl appeared to be a peasant of central Europe. Her face—well, the red lips and dimples were all that could be seen, because she was masked, too, with a thin strip of white.

When the girl screamed the man released her and appeared taken aback.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, astonishment in the voice, which decidedly was not gruff.

"Matter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you think you are carrying this escapade a little too far?"

"Too far?" he echoed. "You don't mean to say that a man hasn't the right to kiss the girl he is eloping with, do you?"

She laughed scornfully. "Eloping? Seems you're taking a lot for granted. Perhaps you're insane. Yes, I think that's it. No man in his right mind would talk and act like you."

Garvin Haskell really was puzzled by the girl's behavior. What was the matter with Maxine? Hadn't she agreed to elope from the costume ball with him? Had she changed her mind after all the carefully arranged plans? Well, he knew she was fickle, but it did not seem reasonable that she would back out now.

There was no good reason for an elopement, anyhow. Maxine's parents were dead, and Garvin's folks never had displayed an inclination to meddle in his affairs of the heart. He had enough money in his own right to care for a wife, and in fact his father and mother were rather anxious for him to settle down.

But Maxine had insisted on eloping. In order to have a taste of romance. She wanted to surprise her aunt, with whom she was staying while visiting in Sarendac, for one thing, and she wanted some excitement when she took the marriage vows.

Garvin had been trying ever since he became acquainted with her two months ago to induce her to have him. She had put him off, laughing until the time came for the masked ball.

"Yes, I'll marry you, Garve," she said, "but it's got to be an elopement. You dress as a knight and I'll be a peasant girl. After the fifth dance I'll meet you under the big oak tree on the lawn and we'll elope. The arrangements for a minister, of course, are up to you."

"And I'll call when?" inquired the elated Garvin.

"You won't call at all," she said. "I'll go to the dance with some of the girls, and you go alone. That'll make it more romantic."

Garvin made the necessary arrangements, which included marriage by a minister in the neighboring town of Charlotte. He dressed as a knight to the best of his ability and went to the dance alone. And there was his beloved, dressed in the peasant costume, exactly fitting the description Maxine had given him. Yes, she had met him under the oak at the appointed time, and he had carried her off in the auto. And when he pulled up beside the road to claim a kiss as his just due she screamed.

They sat in silence for a few moments after the conversation that followed the scream, and it began to dawn on Garvin that there must be a mistake somewhere.

"Would you mind removing your mask?" he asked the girl.

"Not if you will do the same," she answered.

For reply he removed the domino and at once the girl lifted the cambric. Yes, it was Maxine. In the pale moonlight her countenance showed up as lovely as ever, except that it seemed a trifle older, but no doubt, that was due to the shock of being almost kissed. That was not quite consistent either, for Garvin never had supposed Maxine to be that unsophisticated. He scrutinized her closely, and she returned the stare. Yes, it was Maxine's eyes, and the nose and hair were hers. But why the change in her attitude?

"Maxine," he began, clearing his throat, "I don't—"

"Maxine!" she exclaimed. "I'm not Maxine. What made you think I was?"

The moon's rays became brighter now, due to the shifting of some clouds, and the girl's face showed plainer. Yes, there was a difference.

She was older, that was certain, although not much older.

"Well, how—what—" he stammered. "That's what I say," she exclaimed. "How—what—"

"It's got me beat," he declared. "Do you happen to know Maxine Brooks?"

"I certainly do. She's my younger sister. But she left town yesterday shortly after I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah."

Garvin's heart sank. So this was the outcome of the carefully laid elopement plans. He stepped on the starter and turned the car out in the road, heading it for Sarendac. For some time as they rode along no words passed between them.

So Maxine had gone back on him! Well, he didn't understand it, but he wasn't going to play the fool by asking questions.

But the car took a hand in the game. A rear tire went flat and Garvin had to mend a puncture because the extra was at a vulcanizing station undergoing repairs. It was fully an hour before the car was ready, and then, after going the distance of a block, it stopped and could not be induced to move. With a flashlight Garvin explored in the hood, but was unable to remedy matters. The girl tried to help and got dabbled with grease, but she didn't seem to mind.

"I'm just a peasant, anyway," she said, smiling.

No, she was not Maxine. She was too willing to help and too patient. Maxine would have fretted and fumed and made no effort to help matters. Garvin was beginning to like the girl.

"Well, I can't fix it," he finally admitted as he walked away from the hood and tripped for the fourth time on the dangling scabbard. While she laughed merrily he detached the sword and threw it on the car floor. "We're miles from any habitation, and this is an unfrequented road. It's more romantic than the main thoroughfares, that's why Maxine wanted—why I chose it."

"Then there's nothing to do but spend the night here," said the girl. "It isn't very proper, but circumstances don't recognize proprieties."

She curled up on the seat, while Garvin tried to make himself comfortable on the running board. Yes, Maxine's sister was extremely likeable. Why hadn't he met her first?

They stayed awake by conversing on various subjects, which became more and more personal as the hours passed.

"Please tell me how it happened—my kidnaping you instead of your sister," Garvin finally urged.

"Before I left home," said the girl, "I had a talk with Maxine's former fiance, with whom she quarreled some time ago. He gave me a message and when Maxine received it she went back to marry him. She asked me to substitute for her at the ball and said she would arrange for me to meet a very nice man under the oak tree. I didn't know about the elopement plan, of course, and I thought it would be just a lark. And it seems I thought right."

They became better acquainted, while the frogs warbled in the nearby marsh and Luna sank beneath the western horizon. When dawn crept up from the east the girl yawned and had an idea.

"Did you look at the battery wire?"

Garvin had not, but he did, and found it loose. Remedying the trouble, he stepped on the starter, then paused to remark:

"Love at first sight is—wonderful, isn't it? Shall we do it now?"

Her answer was inaudible, but when the machine rolled along the road it carried two elopers toward Charlotte.

## MEN NO LONGER PAINT FACE

Newspaper Makes Cruel Assertion That Custom Is Now Exclusively Confined to Women.

Relics of Indian art are shown in profuse quantities at the Field museum in the form of stone or clay saucers like the "nests" in which painters mix their water colors.

One of the many uses to which these bits of stone or clay were put was to hold the pigments with which the original residents of Chicago bedaubed their faces.

Although there frequently ran through all the color designs applied to men's faces and breasts certain lines characteristic of a tribe, there was a wide latitude for individual choice.

If Chicagoans of the pale and pasty-faced variety now wear evening clothes or frock or cutaway coats on formal occasions, the original male leaders of local society wore vivid dashes of paint on their faces to distinguish important scheduled moments of either peace or war.

In the whirligig of time this aboriginal masculine custom has been appropriated by the women of today as their exclusive practice—and the men are well satisfied with the radical change in fashion.—Chicago Journal.

## Big Irrigation Project.

The Greater Wenatchee Irrigation association is planning to spend close to \$5,000,000 in irrigating a tract of 46,000 acres in the neighborhood of Lake Wenatchee, Wash. It is expected that work on the canals and ditches will be started next year. The land that is to be irrigated is now worth from \$10 to \$50 per acre, while adjoining property that is irrigated and under cultivation is worth \$2,000. The cost of irrigation is estimated at \$100 per acre. Much of the land will be planted in apple orchards but large sections will be used for general agriculture.



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Every standard drug or medicine, every kind of special preparation that has proved effective; every kind of health accessory needed by the average person—may be had at your drug store or general store in a "V.V." brand. "V.V." means Freshness, Strength and Quality—the Best. Insist on "V.V." medicines and accessories.

Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co.  
South's Largest Wholesale Druggists.  
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## Yeast Vitamon Tablets Bring Real Beauty

Banishes Skin Eruptions. Puts On Firm Flesh,  
Strengthens The Nerves and Increases Energy.



Of what use are beautiful features if you have an ugly skin, flabby flesh, hollow cheeks or a scrawny neck? Maxine's VITAMON is positively guaranteed to give you new health, beauty and a well-rounded face and figure.

Maxine's VITAMON—the original and genuine yeast-vitamin tablet. There is nothing else like it, so do not accept imitations or substitutions. You can get Maxine's VITAMON Tablets at all good druggists.



Are Positively Guaranteed to Put On Firm Flesh, Clear the Skin and Increase Energy When Taken With Every Meal or Money Back

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Amending It. Mr. Nagz—I suppose now you wish you were free to marry again? Mrs. Nagz—No, just free.

Surprise parties seem to have gone out of fashion because they so seldom surprised.





## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### KING LION'S BONE

"Roar, roar, roar," shouted King Lion. "Some one said something very rude about me just now."

"What was that, Your Majesty?" asked the Lioness from the next cage.

"Some one said that I looked like a dog with a bone," said King Lion. "The very idea of saying that I looked like a dog, a great and mighty lion as I am!"

"I never heard of anything so absurd in all my life, never, never, never!"

"I don't see how any one could have said such a thing in the first place. I don't like a dog in the least. A dog is a silly creature compared to me."

"A dog barks, and yet his bark is usually such a friendly bark."

"Then the dog wags his tail. I wouldn't do anything so silly. The dog smiles, too, when he shows his teeth. Yes, very, very often the dog does that. But I don't."

"I roar and I mean it. The dog growls at times, but often even when he growls, he is friendly."

"His growl isn't wild, like my roar. No, it is often a friendly growl. As a rule the dog likes to make friends. He likes to be patted and he even kisses people!"

"Fancy that!"

"I wouldn't kiss any one. Not I, no indeed."

"I am sure you wouldn't," said the Lioness.

"I am so dignified and so fine," said King Lion.

"Of course," said the Lioness, "there are some creatures who think that even if one is fine and brave and noble one



"I Am So Delighted."

may be quite loving and devoted, too. Some don't think it makes a creature any less fine to be sweet and friendly. In fact, some think it shows a finer, nobler nature."

"Some may think so," said King Lion, "but I do not. Some may think all sorts of things, but pooh! What do such creatures amount to?"

"Have people who may think such thoughts?"

"I answer my own question! No, they have not! Can they roar?"

"Again I answer my own question. They try to roar at times, but they cannot. They can't hold up their heads and open their mouths wide and let great, noble, wild, terrific sounds come forth."

"They can open their mouths wide and they can hold up their heads, but that is as far as they can go. They can go in other ways, perhaps—I mean they can run and so forth, but they can't go very far with their voices."

"So why should I pay any attention to what they do? I don't."

"I see," said Mrs. Lioness.

"But I was talking about a dog," continued King Lion.

"So you were, Your Majesty," said the Lioness.

"And I shall continue to talk about the dog and the person who said I was like a dog," said King Lion.

"By all means, talk away," said the Lioness.

"Roar, roar, roar," said King Lion. "I do not like a dog, and I don't want any one to say that about me."

"And if any one says that about me again I will give such a roar that I will make such a person tremble with fear. That I will do. Most certainly I will."

"Just because I was having a beautiful time eating a great, huge bone, some one thought I looked like a dog."

"I don't believe any one really thought so," said the Lioness. "I suppose they just thought the bone looked like a bone a dog might enjoy."

"It was too big a bone for a dog," said King Lion. "The keeper gave me a great raw meat bone because he knows I must chew on something hard like that. It gives more variety or change to my meals. That is important."

"But a dog isn't even any distant relation of mine. I'll let them know that my bone is the bone for a lion's meal, and not for a dog."

"Roar, roar, roar," said King Lion at the top of his tremendous voice.

And the Lioness smiled a wild, mild smile and said:

"I guess no one thinks you're like anything but a lion!"

Insulted.

"May I help you to alight, madam?" asked the lion politely.

"I'll have you understand boy," replied the woman curtly, "I do not smoke."

## Where Your Taxes Go

How Uncle Sam Spends Your Money in Conducting Your Business

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

Author "Washington Close-Up," "Banks and Financial Systems," etc. Contributor Political and Economic Articles to Leading Periodicals and a Writer of Recognized Authority on the National Government's Business Methods.

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### WHY YOU'RE INTERESTED

I wish you would take what is written here as a personal report addressed directly to you from me about your business. Don't think of it or read it as an article about "politics," or remote public affairs at Washington. It is not that at all. It is what I ask you to think it, a personal business report to you relating to your individual concerns, your pocketbook and your welfare. I have no other interest than to tell you the exact truth.

Assume that you have sent me to Washington to find out for you what your agents are doing, how they are managing your affairs and spending your money. I call them your agents for that is all they are—the President, the members of the cabinet, the senators and all the members of the house of representatives. You hire them, you pay them, and you can fire them.

You may think of them in deference and awe as a group of eminent statesmen, or you may call them in flippancy and too hasty contempt "a lot of politicians." But whatever you call them, they are your hired men. They attend to your collective business, which is called the public business.

Query: Are they doing it efficiently and with a single-minded devotion to your interests?

Perhaps the largest item in the high cost of living is the high cost of government. And far and away the largest item in the high cost of government is the high cost of armament; preparation for war. About 90 per cent of all government revenues, and that means the money taken from you as taxes, goes to pay for wars, past, present and future.

Before I have concluded this series of articles I expect to show you conclusively that the impelling motive that induced President Harding to call the present conference in Washington to consider limitation of armaments was financial. The pressing need of considering a proposal for a reduction or limitation by agreement of war expenditure was not made entirely on the ground of morality or righteousness, but as a plan for cutting down the operating expenses of the government.

If the United States government were an individual we would say that it was broke, for its expenses exceed its income.

Your interest is simply this: that whatever decision is made you will have to pay the bill. If today we didn't have these army and navy expenses you would have to pay in taxes less than \$1,000,000,000 a year instead of \$5,000,000,000. That means we would have about \$4,000,000,000 more a year to spend on our private needs and pleasures. I frankly confess that I would enjoy having four-fifths of my taxes knocked off. Wouldn't you?

Secretary Weeks of the War department gave public warning a little while ago that the government would require of us about \$17,000,000 in the next thirty months to meet current expenses and other obligations. Persons who have given close study to that possibility say that the need will be nearer \$20,000,000, than \$17,000,000. The great bulk of that is for past and prospective war expenditures.

For this, you and congress and the Executive departments at Washington are responsible. You more than anybody else, for it is your money that is being spent and you can stop it. In its simplest terms the procedure is this: You earn the money, congress takes it away from you in the form of taxes, and then congress and the Executive departments spend it.

A great part of it is wasted. This is established, conceded, confessed, and acknowledged by congress, which authorizes the expenditures, and by the executive officers of the government, who do the actual spending. It is your money that you have earned in your business, on your farm, or by the labor of your hands, that is being expended and wasted at Washington.

Every cent that is extravagantly or needlessly expended by the government you could have in your pocket to meet the increased cost of food, lodging and clothing, doctors' bills and amusements, or to put away and save against a rainy day. If you only demanded determinedly and unitedly that governmental extravagance should cease.

I can tell you some of the conditions of governmental spending and how your money is chucked about, and I can tell you how you can stop it. The power is yours, and until you exercise it waste and extravagance will not stop.

### UNCLE SAM AS EMPLOYER

The United States government is the largest single employer of men and women in this country. At the present time in the executive civil service of the Federal government, and exclusive of the army and navy, there are employed approximately 650,000 workers, or one in 75 of all residents on Ameri-

can soil, ten years of age or over, engaged in gainful occupations. A little while ago, when the number of federal employees was even larger than it is now, one person out of every 65 in the United States who had any sort of a job at all was working for the government. These calculations are based on recent estimates of the bureau of the census in anticipation of the results of the fourteenth general census.

Prior to the outbreak of the war, in 1914, the number of men and women in civil positions in the executive service was approximately 385,630. In 1916 it had grown to 398,832. In 1917, after our entry into the war, it was 459,798. On June 30, 1919, the number was 707,448. The number on July 31, 1920, was 691,116.

These figures are confessedly approximations. Since the signing of the armistice the number of federal employees has been decreasing. Undoubtedly the decrease in force will continue to be made for months to come, but the growth of the government business in the past few years has been such as to make it a larger employer in the post-war period than it had ever been in the pre-war period.

These thousands of men and women working for the government comprise every type of ability and intelligence. Their duties cover a range of activities that far exceeds that exercised for other public or private employers; for, besides its task of lawmaking and law enforcing, of national defense and national finance, the government is charged with promoting the health and welfare of its people, of promoting their home interests, their agricultural, mining, manufacturing, shipping, fishing and transportation interests.

To do this it must investigate, control and eradicate diseases that attack persons, plants and animals. It must inspect livestock, foods and drugs. It must study conditions and progress in education, labor and commerce. It must prevent individual men or groups of men from using unfair business methods, whether in banking, transportation, trade or manufacture.

The government must administer public lands and the affairs of the Indians, and educate children in Alaska. It grants patents of invention, it sets the clocks of the country, forecasts the weather, and makes observations of the stars and heavenly bodies. It constructs buildings, docks, roads, bridges, irrigation works, builds canals and aeroplanes, makes ordinance and ammunition, clothing and other supplies for its soldiers and sailors. It makes all its own money and does all its own printing. It distributes all mail and many packages.

The government does everything that any employer in the United States does. In addition to a great many things that no other employer does, how does it treat its people? Is it a good employer or a bad employer? Are its employees contented? These are questions that I should advise the railroad men, the miners and other workers who seek nationalization of industry, to look into before they commit themselves.

Let them find out for themselves what government ownership would mean to them.

The first thing they will discover, as I discovered when I began the present inquiry, is that nobody knows, and nobody in the government service is charged with knowing, the exact number of employees in the service from day to day. Even more astounding, nobody knows, or is charged with knowing, even approximately, the sum of the payroll of the United States.

It is not possible to find out within hundreds of thousands of dollars how much the United States pays yearly or monthly in salaries and wages. I went to the Treasury department, to the appropriations committee of congress, and elsewhere where I thought the information might be lodged, but nobody knew. I was told vaguely that the government was not run on an asset and liability basis, and therefore it was not necessary to know the exact number of employees on the payroll.

If the average compensation is \$1,100, the federal civil service payroll now amounts to more than seven hundred million dollars annually. The largest single branch is the Post Office department, with nearly 300,000 employees. The War department has more than 125,000 civilian employees, the Navy department about 90,000, and the Treasury department about 60,000. No other branch has as many as 25,000 employees. Any institution that employs one in seventy-three of all this country's workers and calls for the expenditure of such a large part of our annual revenues is entitled to your serious consideration. You and you alone put up the money.

### Octopus Not Dangerous.

The octopus has the power of changing color more highly developed than any other animal. He could accommodate himself to the vivid background of a tartan plaid without a tremor. Indeed, this is his main line of defense. He clings mechanically with his many suckers to whatever he may touch, but a tight grip upon the slight constriction between his head and little round body invariably causes him to relax his hold. To see the impunity with which any French fisher girl will handle an octopus might dispel the fears of the most nervous bather that ever mistook an overgrown jelly fish for the eight-armed terror of the deep.

### Man Must Have Mustache.

To be without a mustache is a disgrace in many parts of North, or High, Albania. The Albanian mother tells her child stories in which, unlike our stage melodrama, it always is the hairless man who figures as the villain.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

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"I like 'em"

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"They Satisfy"

Don't expect your opinions to fit if you obtain them ready made.

Every department of housekeeping needs Red Cross Ball Blue. Equally good for kitchen towels, table linen, sheets and pillowcases, etc.—Advertisement.

Farmer's work is so often well done because he does it himself.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Don't let your automobile be your utter master. Walk a little.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

To Work Ancient Gold Mine.

Goldfields that have not been worked since the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries are to be exploited by the Austrian government. The deposits lie in the Ziller and Lavant valleys on the Tyrol-Salzburg frontiers, and prospecting has given a yield of slightly more than an ounce of gold to the ton.

Surely, Surely Not.

She is a precise school teacher with a perfect abhorrence for poor English and a decided fondness for correcting the grammatical errors of others. And he is a young newspaper reporter into whose hands has recently fallen a newspaper which lays particular emphasis on the misuse of the word "secure."

The other evening he called by telephone to invite her to the theater.

"Have you secured the seats?" she

"Oh, my, no," was the quick reply.

"Surely you're not so heavy as all that."

## Stifel's Indigo Cloth

Standard for over 75 years

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No work that you farmers do is too rough for clothes made out of Stifel's Indigo Cloth.

All Overalls, Jumpers and Work Clothes made of this cloth last longer, wash better and keep their "looks."

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Garments sold by dealers everywhere—We are makers of the cloth only.

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260 Church St., New York, N. Y.

### Meteors and Forest Fires.

France has been suffering from forest fires of mysterious origin; the careless cigarette smoker has been blamed, but foresters and some meteorologists now incline to the belief that falling meteors were the cause. In one flame-swept area of a thousand acres were found great meteoric fragments, still hot three days after the fire.—Scientific American.

### Powerful Naval Gun.

Ordnance engineers in the United States have developed a new 16-inch, 50-caliber gun, said to be more powerful than any naval gun now in existence. The gun is 60 feet long, weighs 340,000 pounds and requires 350 pounds of smokeless powder to propel its 2,400-pound projectile approximately 22 miles.

### No End to It.

"I'm tired of living." "What's the trouble?" "It isn't the trouble. It's the expense."

### Annoying.

The lady of the house sat reading in her drawing room, when the nurse-maid rushed in, exclaiming:

"Oh! ma'am the twins have fallen to the well!"

"How annoying!" said her mistress, as she languidly changed her position. "Go into the library—very gently, so as not to disturb Fido—and get me the last number of the Modern Mother's Magazine. It contains an article on 'How to Bring Up Children!'"

### Monarch's Odd Pastime.

The king of Denmark delights in crochet work. At an early age he developed a taste for this sort of work, but as it was regarded by his parents as effeminate he did it secretly. Queen Alexandra possesses a fine shawl made by his hands.

Desire for spreading "reform" often arises from mere irritability at the performances of others.

## One third of your life is allotted to sleep. Do you get your share?

The most important period in the process of applying nutrition to the repair of the body is while you are asleep. For the most favorable transformation of digested food into nerve and cell tissue, so doctors tell us, sleep is absolutely essential.

Is it any wonder that those who suffer from lack of proper sleep are weak, pale and lacking in energy or ambition?

One of the causes of insomnia is nerve-irritation from tea and coffee drinking. Tea and coffee both contain caffeine, which has a tendency to cause undue stimulation. The irritating effect of caffeine often



results in insomnia, depression, and a weakened nervous system.

You can easily overcome these troubles by drinking Postum instead of tea or coffee. Postum is a delicious, satisfying cereal beverage, and it is absolutely free from caffeine, or any other harmful substance.

Ask your grocer for Postum. Drink this delicious, refreshing beverage for ten days. Then see if you do not feel better and more clear headed, and if you do not sleep better at night—as so many other people have proved for themselves.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

## Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

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# The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## CHAPTER XX

### The End of It All.

The sun shone very brightly that day, and the snow began to melt on the places that were not shaded. When he returned with Elizabeth from the crest of David Moreland's mountain, John K. Dale took a rocker before the fire and sat there thinking, thinking, until the midday meal was announced. When the midday meal was over, he resumed his chair and sat there thinking, thinking, until the afternoon was half gone.

Then he called Elizabeth to him. "Will you go to my son and tell him I wish to see him?" he said. And he added under his breath: "I think it is best that they should know."

Elizabeth heard that which he had said to himself as well as she heard that which he had said to her. Should know! Know what? She had a sudden wild fear that Mrs. Dale had broken her promise never to breathe a word of the truth concerning the Adam Ball affair. Nevertheless, she put on her hat and her gloves and went to Bill Dale's office.

Dale sat with his elbows on his desk and with his head in his hands. To all appearances, he was unaware of the presence of the girl in the doorway.

She spoke. "Bill!" He sat up straight and faced her. He seemed surprised.

"Well, Babe?" "Your father wants you," in a low voice. "He's got something to tell you that—that will make you think almost nothing of me!"

Young Dale frowned. "What is it?" "I'd rather he'd tell you about it. Bill Dale, I don't think I could bear to tell you myself."

She turned and was about to hasten away, when he called to her: "Wait!"—and she waited.

"Has it," he asked, "anything to do with your marriage to Jimmy Fayne?" "No!"

He arose and put on his broad-rimmed hat. "I'll admit," he smiled, "that I'm worse than a granny woman for poking my nose into other people's affairs—when are you going to marry Jimmy, Babe?"

The answer came quickly: "Never." "Never!"

"Never," repeated Elizabeth, very quietly.

"Never?" pursued Dale. "Never!" cried Elizabeth, exasperated.

"Goodness!" laughed Dale. "You're dramatic, or vehement, or both. May I walk home with you, Babe?" "Yes, sir," promptly, "if you want to."

They set out across the snow-covered meadows, and neither spoke another word until they had reached Ben Littleford's log house. The girl looked at him queerly as they entered. After he knew—

Old Dale still sat before the fire, and near him sat silent John Moreland. Old Dale motioned toward an inside door.

"Please close it, Elizabeth," he requested, and she obeyed. "Now sit down. I've got something to tell the three of you. And I fancy it will interest all of you."

The two who had just come in took chairs at the fireside. After a moment, John K. Dale began:

"You've often wondered, Bill, about that savage streak—as you choose to call it—that is in you. You inherited it. Much of that which we are, it is claimed, is inherited, and it must be correct; like begets like, of course. But there is no savage streak in you, Bill. You are hot-headed, that's all. Your virtues overbalance that, by far. I have never seen another man who had a greater love for honesty and fair play, or a greater hatred for all that is hollow and false, or more courage to stick up for that which seems to be right, than you. Now I'll tell

you how you came by those fine qualities and the hot-headedness—"

Elizabeth Littleford sat wide-eyed, tense, half breathless. If he meant to tell it, why didn't he tell it! Why did he beat about the bush like that?

"Bill, this is hard for me. It brings back a terrible thing. You know about David Moreland. . . . When I awoke that morning and found him lying dead at my crazed, drunken hands, I wished that I, too, were dead. . . . That great and silent wilderness smothered me. I imagined that I could hear voices calling to me, saying—

"'Cain! Cain!'"

"They came from the laurel thickets, from the trees overhead, from the ground, from everywhere. You see, I wasn't all bad, even in my wild-out days. Then I thought of the law, and I ran. . . .

"But the cry of a child from the cabin I was leaving halted me before I had gone thirty yards. David Moreland's wife had left him with a baby only a few weeks old, which I didn't pay any particular attention to until that morning, that black morning. At that time there was no other house for miles around. I couldn't leave the child there to die of starvation, after killing its father. So I went back and got the baby, and all its clothing, and took it away with me. I left it at a farmhouse down in the lowland, and went to another city, and started life afresh. . . .

"But later I married, and shortly after that I went to the farmer and persuaded him to let me adopt the child. I brought it up as my own, and educated it, as a sort of compensation. And I came to love it. But it was years before my wife loved it. She didn't like children then. But she does now. She is paying now, and I am paying. Don't you understand, Bill—don't you understand?"

There was a choke in his voice toward the last. Bill Dale went to his feet. His eyes were wide, but he did not seem unhappy; and for that Elizabeth was grateful. John Moreland sat as still, with his bearded, viking face as expressionless as though he had known it all along.

"And so I really am in my own country!" cried Bill Dale. "I am a Moreland, and the Morelands really are my own people!"

"Yes, you are in your own country, and you are a Moreland—and your baby name was David," said John K. Dale.

It was then that John Moreland spoke.

"Bill, when I first seed you, you made me think o' my brother the day he was married. I ain't never forgot that. I certainly ain't surprised none at all. We didn't know about the baby. Cherokee Joe told me the baby had died."

"And now, son," pleaded old Dale, his voice breaking, "say that you forgive me."

Bill Dale, David Moreland's boy, knelt beside the old sheepskin-lined rocker, took the old coal king's hand in both his own and bent his head over it.

"It's all right," he said thickly. "It's all right."

Elizabeth Littleford arose and stole blindly out of the house. Her footsteps led her, quite without her realizing where she was going, across the meadow and to the river above the blown-down sycamore. And there on that sacred spot, where she had first felt her heart leap at the sound of Bill Dale's voice, she sank down in a heap in the snow and cried, and cried.

Twilight was gathering rapidly, but she did not notice it. She did not notice, either, that the air was growing steadily colder with the approach of the mountain night. To her a warm sun was shining above in a bright blue vault; to her the spirit of summer was everywhere; in her ears there was the liquid song of a meadow lark, the sweet twittering of woodthrushes, the low humming of wild bees. The pouring of the crystal waters between the two boulders above the pool made music to her, and blended with it she seemed to hear the voice of a big, clean, strong man—

"I was thinking of the difference between you and some other women I know."

Then a ray of hope shone into her heart. Bill Dale was really a Moreland and, therefore, of the hill blood even as she was of the hill blood, and that should make them more nearly equal. She told herself that he wouldn't be so apt to condemn her for being able to take a human life easily as one of another blood would be; he would be more apt to understand. And yet, the women he had known were gentle, tender and refined, like, for instance, Patricia McLaurin. Soon the ray of hope died within her, and she bent her head and sobbed again.

One of her bare hands began to grope idly in the snow at her side, and she did not feel the cold. Suddenly she realized that her hand was full of shavings, whittlings. Some man had been sitting there whittling with a pocket knife—it must have been a man, for who ever heard of a woman whittling? She felt in the snow with both hands, and found more whittlings—there were bushels of whittlings, it seemed to her, lying there under the snow.

Then she wondered—wondered who it could have been.

It was a, lie dark now, but the moon was not yet up. A great, bright star blazed above David Moreland's tomb like a beacon fire. She heard the muffled sounds of slow masculine footsteps in the snow behind her. She did not turn her head. In her soul she knew it could be but one man.

Bill Dale's head was down, and he moved as though he neither knew nor cared whither he went. Then he saw

the dark heap on the river's bank before him, and he halted. He knew in his soul that it could be but one woman.

Dale went on and sat down on a stone the size of a small barrel that lay at the river's rim.

"Babe?" he said. It was the mating call of his heart in the springtime of his life.

"Who d-d-one all o' this whittlin', Bill?" asked Elizabeth.

"I did," softly.

"But I thought you were so busy here! It's nobody but idlers, of course, that whittles—that is, most of the time it's nobody but idlers that whittles."

"But I'm not busy on Sundays, y' know," replied Dale.

"Tell me this," Elizabeth asked pointedly: "What made you come to this one spot to do your whittlin'? Couldn't you whittle up there in my daddy's cabin yard?"

He answered her unhesitatingly: "Because I like to be here. This place is a shrine to me. It was here that I first loved you, Babe. Now you tell me this: Why did you come to this particular spot to sit down in the snow? There's snow in your daddy's cabin yard!"

Said Elizabeth, in a voice that sounded smothered: "Because I like to be here—this place is a shrine to me, too—it was here that I first loved you, Bill Dale!"

"Then why," he demanded, "won't you marry me?"

"Because it was me that shot—Adam Ball."

She went on, and though emotion had set every fibre of her to quivering, she did not fall into the old hill talk, which was proof of the magnificence of her:

"I thought you wouldn't want me if you knew that I did that, and I couldn't marry you without telling you. But you know now! And do whatever you feel like doing or saying, you can't hurt me; I can never be hurt any—any more—"

Bill Dale shot erect. Truly, this was a day of surprises for him. He stooped and caught her up.

"A real woman!" he said happily, straightening with her in his arms. "A real, all gold, pure gold woman! You loved me well enough to kill a man to save me, and wouldn't let me know it! Woman is a mystery, sure enough. But perhaps it's because women are



"Well, Babe, Kitten, Must I Drag You to the Altar, or Will You Go With Me of Your Own Free Will?"

so fine and so far above menfolk that menfolk cannot understand them. Well, Babe, kitten, must I drag you to the altar, or will you go with me of your own accord?"

She put her arms around his neck and drew them tight.

"I'd go with you, Bill Dale—or David Moreland, whichever it is—to the very last inch of the end of the world," she said.

Early the next morning, there came strolling lazily up the river's bank a tall and lanky mountaineer who wore, among other things, a Niagara Falls mustache and cowhide boots that seemed ridiculously short because of the great length of his slender legs. He carried a rifle in the hollow of one arm; he was looking for rabbit-tracks in the snow. Near the pool above the blown-down sycamore, he came upon tracks that had not been made by any four-footed animals. There were the footprints of a man coming from one direction, and the footprints of a woman coming from another direction; only the footprints of the man went away toward Ben Littleford's cabin.

By Heck was puzzled. "Here comes Bill," he frowned, "and over here comes Babe. And that, as plain as day, goes Bill; but what become o' Babe? What in the name o' the devil's pet ridin'-hoss did she go to? Not straight up, shorely!"

He scrutinized the signs with the understanding eye of the born woodsman. Then he grinned broadly and said to himself:

"Well, dang my foward and blast my eyes! The danged old injun, he jest picked her up bodily and carried her off home, and I knew what that means, thank God. I can't pray, but I shore can sing—

"Oh, when I die, don't bury me deep; Put a tombstone at my head and feet; Put a bear's jawbone in my right hand, On my way to the Promised Land; Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"

(THE END.)

## MIDWAY

Miss Stella Sigler visited Miss Velda Hill Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie Titherington, who has been ill for some time, is better.

Miss Estelle Paris visited in Marion Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Martha Sigler has been quite sick the past week.

Mrs. Joe Hunt, who has been sick at the home of her sister, returned home last Thursday greatly improved.

Mrs. Nannie James and daughter were guests of George Newbell and family Sunday.

Mr. John Woods of Providence visited friends in this section Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Matthews and children, Mildred and Wendall,

visited her parents, C. L. Hill and wife, of Marion, the week end.

Miss Velda Hill visited her brother, Coy Hill and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Orbie Paris and Miss Estelle Paris visited at the home of Willie Paris Tuesday.

Mrs. Ida Hill of Marion visited her son, Coy Hill and family, Thursday.

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## Illinois Central System Calls State Control of Rates Backward Step

There has been much discussion lately of bills introduced into Congress to take away from the Interstate Commerce Commission all authority over state rates. The proposed legislation, we believe, is unprogressive, impracticable and illogical.

Our Federal Constitution grew out of a generally accepted feeling on the part of the people that commerce among states should be free. Our forefathers were convinced that nothing but ruin and chaos would result from a system which allowed one state to put restrictions upon the commerce of another state. The Federal Government was founded upon the theory that commerce and trade were national subjects and should not be subjected to local conditions. To that end the Constitution confers the exclusive power on Congress to regulate commerce among the states. By a long line of Supreme Court decisions it is now thoroughly settled that a state must not be permitted to make any rate or regulation which will interfere with interstate commerce. The power of the Interstate Commerce Commission to condemn such rates which do discriminate against interstate commerce has been repeatedly upheld.

As a practical matter, everyone knows that a railway system traversing a number of states is operated as a unit. All its property is used in both interstate and intrastate commerce. Its revenues from both are commingled; its expenses as between the two classes of commerce cannot be accurately separated. It ought not to maintain upon its line as many separate and distinct systems of rates as there are states which it traverses. In the case of the Illinois Central System, passing through and touching fourteen different states, it is obvious at a glance that it ought not to have fifteen systems of rates, one applicable to interstate commerce, and fourteen others applicable to the commerce of the different states which it serves. If such a theory is sound, so far as the practical effect is concerned, it would be equally sound to say that each county traversed by the railroad should have the right to make a separate system of rates. Of course there is a political difference as between the relation of counties to states and states to nation, but as a practical matter, the two situations are analogous.

No one has ever been able to give any good reason why a passenger making an intrastate journey should pay a rate lower than or different from that of the passenger making an interstate journey, both occupying the same seat and receiving precisely the same accommodations. Railroads in the United States have for a long time struggled against this divided authority. They have been subjected to a number of conflicting regulations and have been greatly embarrassed and inconvenienced by the necessity of obeying the mandates of various state commissions on the subject of rates, many of which conflict with one another. In some instances state commissions have frankly announced their purpose to give to the people of their own state an advantage over the people of another state by making a discriminatory rate adjustment. In one western state, a state commission put out an order requiring the railroads to put up placards in their stations explaining how an interstate passenger can defeat the interstate rate by buying a ticket to a border line point, getting off the train and rebuying across the border. All these considerations induced Congress in the Transportation Act, to provide more convenient machinery than had heretofore existed whereby discriminations against interstate commerce could be removed, and whereby the states would be required to contribute their fair share toward the expense of maintaining the transportation machine.

While present legislation does not go so far, yet it is recognized by all thoughtful students of the problem that there should be but one body with power to regulate rates, and that the national body. There would be still left to the state commissions many important duties in connection with their police power. Their jurisdiction would be unimpaired as to service matters, such as operation of intrastate trains, character of station facilities, crossings, etc.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the control of rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission would make it more troublesome and expensive for patrons of the railroads to obtain relief. The Interstate Commerce Commission has more than a thousand expert employees drawn from every section of the country, thoroughly familiar with local problems and competent to assist in the solution of rate questions. A petition to the Interstate Commerce Commission will in nearly every case bring one of these examiners almost to the door of the petitioner, where the complaint can be heard. The proceeding is informal, the expense is less, generally speaking, than is involved in going to the state capital to present a matter to the state commission, and no reason exists why the public generally should not look with favor upon a system which will insure fair consistent and harmonious treatment of the rate structure of the country.

The removal of the war tax January 1 has had the effect of making a substantial reduction in both freight and passenger rates, and the railroads have placed in effect reductions in freight rates on agricultural products. They will continue to make reductions as often as they are able to do so without impairing their ability to serve the public.

Constructive criticism and suggestions are invited.

C. H. MARKHAM,  
President, Illinois Central System.

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